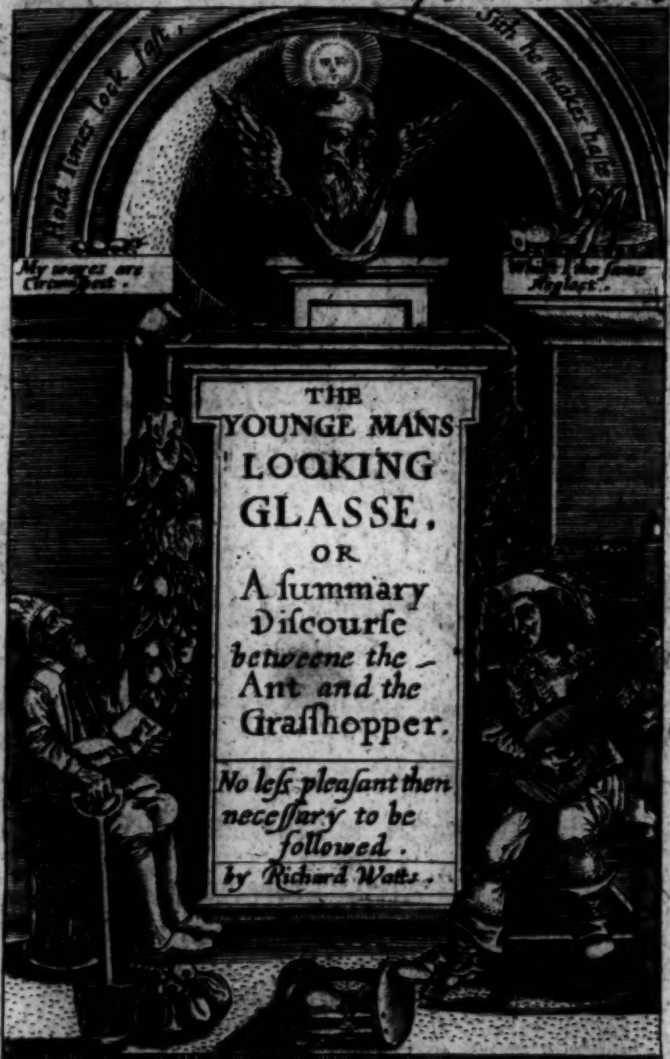
Gal 8 5a



THE YOUNGE MANS LOOKING GLASSE,

OR

A ſummary Diſcourſe betweene the Ant and the Graſſhopper.

No leſs pleaſant then neceſſary to be followed.

by Richard Watts.

LONDON,
Printed for Edward Blackmore at the ſigne of the Angell in St Paules Church-yard.
W. Marſhall ſculpſit 1641

1077 d. 26.

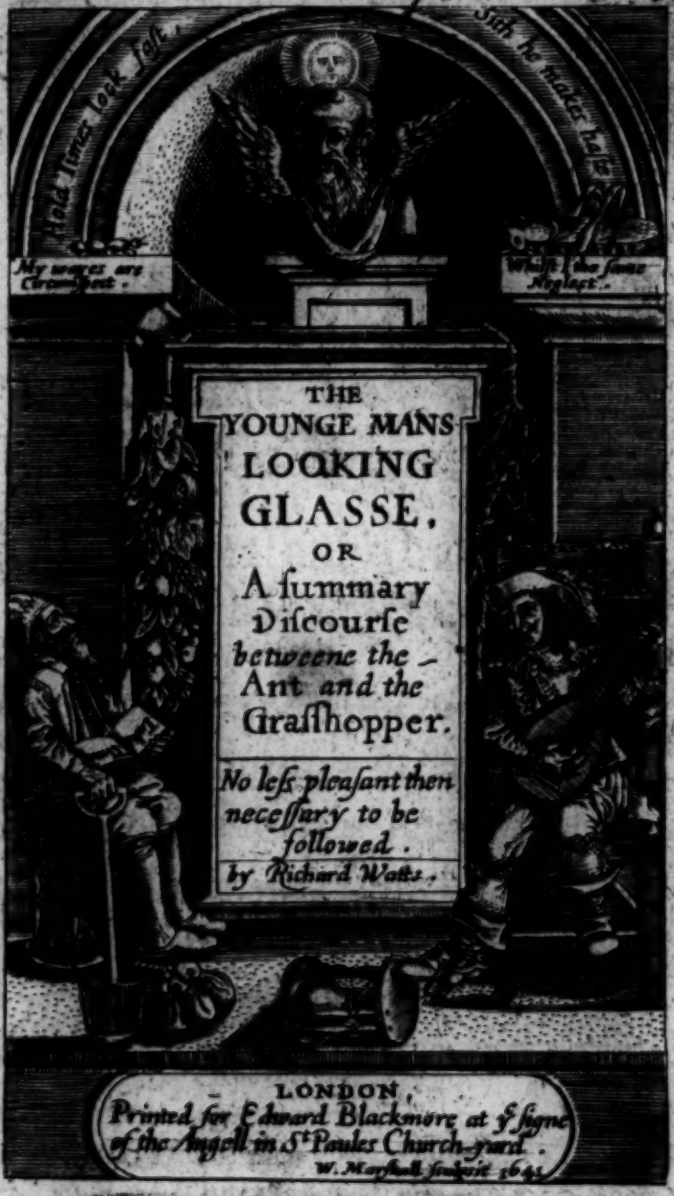
b. 117 a 13

BRITISH MUSEUM

The explanation of the Frontiſpice.

THe Portraiture that ſits beneath the Ant,
Is carefull Age; *whoſe youth prevented want.*
The lab'ring Spade, he in one hand doth hold,
Implies, he'l not be Idle, being old:
The Motto *that his other hand doth beare,*
Is his chiefe motive of preventing care:
The Glaſſe, *he ſits upon, doth intimate,*
He meaſur'd Time; *and ſighes not,* 'Tis too late;
As he looks upward, quickly he eſpies
Time, *and the* Ant *that taught him to be wiſe.*
The other Portraiture it doth declare
A Prodigall, *touch'd not in youth with care.*
The Lute *he playes on, ſignifies againe,*
He is inclin'd to pleaſure; not to paine:
His ſpurning of the Glaſſe, doth ſhew in Fine,
How little he reſpects the uſe of Time:
The Chaire of eaſe he ſits on, doth expreſſe,
That he is given to ſloth, and Idleneſſe.
The Graſhoper *above him, ſhewes in briefe,*
A careleſſe life, oft ends with ſhame, and griefe.

Gal 8 5a



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THE YOUNG MANS LOOKING-GLASS.

OR,

A ſummary Diſcourſe between the ANT and the GRASHOPPER.

No leſſe pleaſant than neceſſary to bee followed.

Whereto is annexed a Poeme, intituled,

Bacchus Banner diſplayd.

Or, *The ſeverall humours of the drunken crue.*

Together with

CERTAINE CHARACTERS, EPIGRAMS, and other POEMS.

By *Richard Watts.*

Printed at *London* for *Edward Blackmore* at the Angell in *Pauls* Church-yard, *An*, 1641.

To the well-beloved in Christ, my approved benefactors, Mr. James Strode, Mr. John Albion, Mr. Isaac Cook, and Mr. James Bisse, Clothiers: the Author wisheth grace and mercy; attended with health and tranquillity.

BEloved; your deserts, and my affection, being ballanced, cannot but prove Equilubrity; which indeed is the chief motive of the presentation of this ensuing Allegoricall Tract to your view. Think not, I bring either of you a luminary to guide you into the path of frugallity, in presenting the *Ant* and the *Grashopper*, knowing you are all capable

pable to moderate, and ſeaſon your thriftineſſe, with munificence, as times and occaſions ſhall produce you reaſons; as well to guide your paſſion from the adamant rock of avarice, as to be impendious: for the avoiding of *Scilla*, forces not to a wrack on *Charibdis*; and ſo I am confident you will take it. But to trouble you with prolixitie, I will not, but reſt your devoted in what I may,

RICHARD WATTS.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

WHy *Shoomaker* (ſaid one) he might have hid it?
It is to let thee underſtand my friend,
An honeſt Tradeſman, voyd of learning, did it,
That doth not ayme at profit, nor commend;
And therefore fellow Trâdeſmen (without ſcorning)
Buy you this Book, to read each *Munday morning*.

EPIGRAM.

THe little *Ant*, doth here great councell give,
Teaching remiſſe ones how they ought to live;
But if that they neglect his admonition,
They'l fall into this *Graſhoppers* condition:
So make th'adage true, to their diſcredit,
Qui ante non cavet, poſt dolebit.

AD LECTOREM.

SI cupis (ô juvenis) fœlicem ducere vitam,
Cum tua debilitans membra ſenecta premit,
Quam dolor & luctus, quam triſtis torquet egeſtas,
Huc, ades & noſtri perlege vatis opus.

G. T.

Ad Lectorem.

Æsopi ingenio contexta est fabula nostra,
Quaris, quod morum est? hunc bone Lector age.
Cum nos instituunt homines, parere memento,
Cum pecudes parvæ: temnere turpe putes.

G. M.

Ad Authorem.

Discere cui cor dicit insignem ferre laborem,
Ne contabescat curva senecta fame;
Huc sua convertat celeri vestigia gressu,
Advertens animo quod tua Musa docet.

G. B.

Ad Authorem.

Cantando cultorem meruit Maro doctus honorem,
Luscinium Naso: prælia Mæonides
Bruta canens. Laudis non sunt te præmia digna?
Formicam parcam carmine qui celebras.

T. W.

THE

THE YOUNG MANS LOOKING-GLAS.

OR,

A ſummary Diſcourſe betweene the *Ant* and the *Graſhopper*.

EXORDIUM.

THE hard laborious Ant upon a day
Eſpi'd the Graſhopper did idly play;
So with himſelfe did think how he might win
This idle Locuſt for to delve, or ſpin,
Or any other labour that might gaine
Him food for winter, hunger to ſuſtaine:
And ſome ſmall cottage, wherein he ſhould hide
His winter-frozen joints, now fill'd with pride.
With that, his burden from his back he caſt,
And after this proud Hopper maketh haſte.
(Care and affection did the ſame provoke,)
And being come (halfe breathleſſe) thus beſpoke.

ANT.

ANT.

A Word, brave ſummer-gallant, if your haſte
Be not too great; from one ſo lowly plac'd
As I, your neighbour; and 'tis for your good,
If that my words be rightly underſtood:
Though ſmall I am in ranke, I wiſh you would
Deigne for to heare; and hearing, but be rul'd.

GRASHOPPER.

BE rul'd by thee, baſe drudge; I that am free
To range the fields, ſhould have a rule from thee.
I that have *Flora's* mantle for my bed,
With choice of dyet, wherewith I am fed;
And *Titan's* golden beames my joints to cheare,
Making them nimble for to skip and reare.
I have no bounds, nor limits for me ſet;
No Princes awe, my pleaſure for to let;
No charge of children, neither frownes of wife;
Nor inward care that ſhorten can my life.
I have no burdens on my back to beare;
No toyling paine, for to augment my care:
But at my pleaſure doe skip to and fro,
Of this to eat, of others to let goe.
If mirth I want, why then I preſent ſing;
Above me birds are ſweetly carroling.
Beneath me wormes doe me homage to:
And round about me heards I hourely view.

If

If *Phebus* beames too hot upon me beat,
Strait *Eolus* allayes the ardent heat.
No wrinkled furrowes in my face are ſeene,
No hoary-haires I have; my dayes are greene.
And gay accoutrements I have likewiſe,
Which well beſeemes my youth, and pleaſe mine eyes.
My will's mine owne, for to doe what I pleaſe,
To eat, or drink, or ſleep, and take mine eaſe.
I feare no Landlord for my quarters rent:
Nor flatter great ones with ſmooth complement.
Let hate and baſe detraction doe their worſt,
Let envie ſnarle, and bite, and pine, and burſt,
I weigh them not. I'd have them know I'm free
Of all this herbage that thou here doſt ſee.
I have as much delight as the gay field
(With length of dayes) in any point can yeeld.
Then, wherein canſt thou (ſummer drudge) give rule
To him that hath enough, without a ſchoole?

ANT.

SIr, (though my time be precious) I beſeech
You would give audience to my following ſpeech:
I come not for to flatter, fawne, or lie,
Ne for preferment, or utilitie;
Though a poore labourer, from me may ariſe
Councell preventing future miſeries:
(But now, if poore men ſeeme to councell great,
They are dejected, though in wit compleat)

'Tis

'Tis in affection that to you I bare,
Becauſe that youth knowes not old ages care.
Therefore I beg, deſire, and pray you would
Deigne but to heare; and hearing, but be rul'd.

Graſhopper.

CEaſe, ceaſe thy vaine tautologies, for I
The counſell of a toyling elfe defie:
Pack to thy work, Ile to the fields for pleaſure;
Give me my eaſe, ſcrape thou for muck and treaſure.

Ant.

AH ſir! prove not inexorable, when
I come to ſhew the weakneſſe of us men:
Your chin is ſmooth, my beard growne gray with age;
You are but newly entred on earths ſtage,
Neere foureſcore winters paſt that I have ſeene;
With care and labour have acquainted beene:
Yea, I doe know the courſes of the world,
How poverty's dejected, toſt, and hurld.
Therefore I beg, with care you would attend
My premonition, and I ſoone will end.

Graſhopper.

WEll, proſecute then, ſith thou doſt intreat,
I will attend; be briefe, as I am great.

Ant.

Ant.

SIr, I confesse your greatnesse, and indeed
I honour you according to your meed.
But yet to sooth you up with adulation,
My painefull soule abhorres so foule a fashion.
I come in perfect love to speak the truth,
Knowing the immaturitie of youth.
And first to tell you plaine, your lofty pride
Will have a fall, if reason doe not guide
Your footing sure. Alasse! you have not seene
Large sheets of snow to cover this faire greene;
The bitter blasts of Boreas, sleat, and raine,
With chilling frosts to nip the verdant plaine.
Bald headed Autumne shortly will appeare
And he being gone, Hyemall cometh neare.
Then, then, ah then! your pined corps will feele
The hand of famine, worse than points of steele.
No, no, bright Sol that Cancer doth adorne,
He will remove his Court to Capricorne.
Then rowze your sloathfull shoulders, and prepare
A quick prevention of such future care:
Procrastination shewes but little sense
Of that which should be done i'th' present tense.
Amongst these fragrant meddowes finde a place
That may the stormes of winter boldly face;
Let not security on your heart take hold,
Nor this sun-shine make you forget the cold.

Make

Make out with ſpeed to gardens, orchards, field,
For ſuch rare cates as at this time they yeeld,
And load your ſhoulders; 'tis nor ſhame, nor paine,
For to provide a cloake againſt the raine:
Furniſh your garner with all things compleat,
If not with all, with ſuch are fit to eat.
Sorrowes are drie: and therefore (doe you heare)
Provide your cellars with wine, ale, and beere.
Next for ſome winter cloathing looke about,
(For ſilken ſuits but little cold keep out:)
That done, for bedding ſee you poſt away,
Whereon you may repoſe by night or day.
And to prevent the cold, bring fuell in:
He muſt take paine, that profit meanes to win:
There's nothing gotten in this age I finde,
But through hard labour, or a carefull minde;
Nor Wealth, nor Art, nor Trade, none can attaine,
Without deſire, and love, brought forth with paine.
If you want coine theſe matters to provide?
Delve, mow, or reap, or any work beſide:
Or elſe turne *Pedagogue*, that may ſuffice;
Or uſe your pen, (but not to Poetize)
Or ſtudy Law; you need not be afear'd,
For I know many 'Turnies want a beard:
But all the doubt concerning you, I have,
You are not learn'd with wit, to play the knave.
Or follow the Gentle craft, 'tis good, I ſay,
Then ev'ry Munday ſhall be Holy-day.
Or a neat Tayler you would make indeed,
Sith you are arm'd, with pride, and ſlender feed.

Or elſe a Weaver (if you pleaſe) but that
I know you have not heart to ſtrik your Cat:
But being addicted to a lazy life,
And you being faire, chuſe you as faire a wife;
And then turn hoſt, learn but to nick, and froth;
Twill be a great aſſiſtance to your ſloth.
Some other courſe of life you muſt prepare,
For mis'ry comes on them that have no care.
Abandon ſloth; your hands will hard'ned bee,
Uſing to work; as you ſhall find and ſee.
Shake off your pride; the Prodigall in time
Fell from his ſilkes, to feed on huſks, with ſwine.
He that doth ſpend, and nothing get at all,
Without a former ſtore, muſt after fall.
Sloth and improvidence together joyn'd,
Impaire the inſide, and conſume the rynd:
Sloth produceth Luxury, and in fine,
The begger meets him, that doth waſt his time.
If I neglect one houre in a day,
My work comes ſhort at night; ſo doth my pay:
And think you to be ſtill remiſſe, and yet
Rent, clothing, lodging, meat and drink to get?
Your ſtubborne neck under the yoak muſt bend,
Elſe you will ſtarve, and periſh in the end;
'Tis not your tiptoe-highneſſe can prevent
Heavens raging ſtormes, that on earth are ſent:
Your cedar-like ambition's but a blaſt,
For ſhame and poverty will come at laſt;
When mony, meanes, and credit commeth ſhort;
What then enſues? only a true report

Of ſloth, riot, beggerly inſolence,
Fooliſh ſecurity, improvidence;
A laughter to the world, a lazy mome,
Deſpis'd of all, and pitied by none:
Children will point you out in ſcoffing proſe,
Saying, behold whereas the ſluggard goes.
But turne with me to *Salomon* the wiſe,
And note, what for the Sluggard doth ariſe.
Where that I came to you, you ſhould have come
To me, and noted in what courſe I run;
Conſidering well my wayes, with wiſdomes eine,
How I gather in my food i'th' harveſt time:
Deſiring ſleep, but Nature to ſuſtaine,
Leſt poverty come on, with griefe and paine.
The Sluggard will not plow, becauſe 'tis cold,
But he ſhall beg, and nothing get, being old.
He that deſireth ſloth, and will refuſe
To do his labour, ſeeks his life to loſe.
The Sluggards ſoule deſireth; but, alas!
Leane famine in the period brings to paſſe.
Lovers of ſleep bring poverty with ſpeed,
But open eyes ſhall ſatisfied feed.
The Slothfull will not go, fearing to meet
A lyon, that will ſlay him, in the ſtreet.
The Vine-yard of the Slothfull I paſs'd by,
Wherein were thornes, and nettles grown up high,
Covering the face thereof; yea, and withall,
(Thorough neglect) lay broken down the wall:
And will not theſe enſamples take impreſſe
Upon your heart, to baniſh ſlothfulneſſe?

But in the current of all miſery,
You headlong run to meet with poverty:
Your wayes they are laſcivious, and ſure you
Will find my words in time to fall out true.

Graſhopper.

PReſumptious ſlave, that durſt upbraid my name,
With riot, ſloth, improvidence, and ſhame:
I am incens'd, be gone, or at a word,
Within thy hungry guts I'll ſheath my ſword,
And ſend thee headlong to the pit of Hell.

Ant.

NAy, if you are ſo hot, Sir, fare-you-well.
The *Ant* halfe frighted at the naked blade,
Leapt five foot back at leaſt, ſuch haſt he made:
And being a Butt length from him, look't about
As pale as aſhes, fil'd with feare and doubt;
And breathing up, he boldly ſpake, and ſaid,
(Having ſure diſtance, was no more afraid:)
Inhumane coward, that thus durſt to draw
Upon a man (ne'r ſuch a weapon ſaw)
That came in true affection, and did bring
No other weapon, but a little ſting,
Which if it have but touched you in part,
I wiſh it might tranſverberate your heart,
Untill your better thoughts all vice repell;
And ſo faſtidious *Graſhopper* fare-well.

Which ſaid, the ſmall great carefull *Ant* did hye
Unto the place, whereas his load did lye,
Gready of time (O admirable care,)
His burden to his home did nimbly beare:
And ſo from day to day doth never lin,
'Till all his Winter food be haled in.

Whilſt the proud Locuſt skippeth here, and there,
Clad all in ſilken green, and void of care;
Scorning the councell of the wiſer *Ant*,
And thus the Summer time doth bravely vaunt.

When naked Autumn through his skirts did blow
He that of late did leap, could hardly go:
And now his drooping joints begin to feele
The nipping froſt pinch him from head to heele;
Yea, he that whilome did ſo lightly leap,
Doth very faintly now halfe ſtarved creep.

The Deſcription of an Idle husband.

HIs ſilken coat is weather-beaten, rent,
His skirt as louzy as e're begger went:
Upon his head a greazy cap he wore,
His ſtockins out at heeles, his ſhooes were tore;
His girdle and his band at Morgage lay,
E'n for the bread that he eat yeſterday;
His legs, and thighs, and armes that brawny were,
Now lanke, and thin, and bare, through famine are:
Yea, his complexion that erſt while was red,
Lookes like a man that hath a week been dead:

His eyes are hollow, and with haire o're grown,
That for the man he was, now is not known.
And thus from field to field he creeps about,
To ſee where any food he may find out.
At length, by-fronted *Janus* with him met,
Trembling with cold, and lying in the wet;
But he took no compaſſion on his want,
Being told of him by the carefull *Ant:*
Voyd of compunction, did in anger throw
Upon his body a thick ſheet of ſnow;
So from him parted; only this did ſay,
Remember, Sir, you did in Summer play.
Thus a whole week in this ſad miſery,
Confined was by *Ianus* for to lye.
At length, the ſnow diſolving, out he came
Upon his hands, for why? his feet were lame;
Quaking, and groaning, with diſtilling teares;
Then down he fals, then up his body reares:
(At ſcalding ſighs doubl'd, and redoubled,
An outward ſigne, the inward heart is troubled.)
And now, near ſtarved, he doth ſlowly craule,
To ſee where that he was deſpis'd of all.
Thus in this ſnaile-like progreſſe by chance fell
Upon the cottage where the *Ant* did dwell,
To him unknown: well, now thought he I ſhall
Upon ſome honeſt minded people fall:
So to himſelfe took comfort, and good chear:
At laſt unto the cottage he draw neare.
So to the doore he very ſoftly creeps,
And through the key-hole hungerly he peeps;

Where (to his grief and ſhame) he ſaw the *Am*,
(That did fore-tell him of this preſent want)
Clad in a gown of fur, and on his feet
Thick corked ſhooes, (which for the cold was meet)
Before a great fire, in a chaire ſate,
Roſting of apples, a ſpic'd-bowle to make:
Behind his back a table furniſht were
With mutton, beef, lamb, pork, and other cheare.
And as his ſtarved eyes about he flung,
He ſaw where ſtore of bacon flitches hung:
Firkins of butter, and great racks of cheeſe;
Martlemas-beef, and peaſe ſtood next to theſe:
Great piles of faggots, heaps of cole, againe
Such weather as 'twas then, ſnow, hayle and raine.

All this the Locuſt ſaw, but truly hee
(Like *Tantalus*, with wiſhing eyes did ſee)
Could not one bit procure, (oh heavie Fate!
To ſee ſo much, and yet ſtarve at the gate.)

Then wiſely he began to think, wer't beſt
To knock, or beg for ſuch a ſhameleſſe gueſt:
If he ſhould knock, he thought it was too bold;
To beg, he thought his charity too cold:
Still at the doore quite child, and trembling lay,
In meditation of the gentleſt way.

If he ſhould knock, he'd judge him for to be
Some ſaucy lad; ſo ſtop his charity:
And for to beg, he knew not how to frame
His whining note, to utter out his ſhame;
For, ſhould the cadence of his voyce but ſtraine
Too high, when it ſhould fall, his ſuite were vaine.

The

Then he began to think, will he afford
An almes to him, that 'gainſt him drew his ſword?
Scoff'd at his councell, and gave no reſpect
To what he told him, but did all neglect.
Each of thoſe thoughts did pierce his dying heart,
Worſe than the hunger felt in ev'ry part.
At length reſolved ne to knock, nor beg;
So from the threſhold down he heav'd his leg,
And on the pavement neare the window lay,
Whilſt that his elbow up his head did ſtay;
Then fell to bitter groaning, ſighes and moanes;
Stretch'd all along, louder, and louder groanes.
But as the *Ant* was drinking off his boule,
Heard the ſad groanings of a parting ſoule:
So from his chaire he ſtep'd unto the doore,
Mov'd with compaſſion, he did groane ſo ſore.
The doore being open, ſtrait the *Ant* began
To queſtion what he was? and whence he came?
For his aſpect was chang'd, and alter'd ſo,
He knew not 'twere the *Graſhopper*, or no.
But in the interim he had prepar'd
A monſtrous lie, by which he was enſnar'd;
And thinking ſtill his former faults to hide,
With humble voice look'd up, and thus reply'd.

Graſhopper.

GOod Sir, if pitty or remorſe do dwell
Within your tender breaſt, do not repell

My parting ſoules complaint: for, I am one
Of honeſt birth, though now a hapleſſe ſonne.
I am a Souldier, and did ſet my minde
Upon the wars and martiall diſcipline:
Fought for the ſacred truth, and to defend
My King, and Country, as a faithfull friend.
In *Flanders* have borne Office too, though now,
Under the hand of ſickneſſe here I bow.
I have gained fame and honour too in *Prague*,
Yea, in moſt cities from thence to the *Hague*:
And many gallant places did I view,
In pleaſure, hunger, and in perill too;
Hard lodging, heat, and cold I did endure,
With ſhots, and cuts, which time again did cure.
Which pleaſe you put your hand beneath my arme,
Then you may judge may loſſe of ſtrength and harme.
Wars being ended, long I lay oppreſt
With grievious ſickneſſe, which doth ſtill conteſt
And ſtrive with death: nay, I have even ſold
My cloths, and ſword, and ev'ry thing I could.
My mony ſpent, friendſhip did quickly faile;
Which ſeeing, from *Fluſhing* I embarqu't and ſaile.
And having paſt the briny water over,
On Chriſtmas-eve I came aſhore at *Dover*;
Where the kind Mayor (of the *Cinque-port* chiefe)
Gave me under his hand my landing-Briefe,
And nine pence in my purſe, the which I ſpent
Before I came to *Rocheſter* in *Kent*:
In *Graveſend*, *Dartford*, and in *London* City,
Many good people my eſtate did pity.

And

And now with weary ſteps, and painfull toyle,
I am neare come unto my native ſoyle.
My ſoule abhors to ſteale; and better ſure
It is to beg, than by falſe theft procure:
Some charitable Chriſtian minded ſoke
Will yeeld me ſome reliefe (through God) I hope:
Conſidering I my deareſt blood did ſpend,
Religion, King, and Country to defend.
My parents little thought when I was borne,
That I ſhould live to beg, and be ſo torne.
With that he wept, and looking up, he ſaid,
Good Sir, in the bowels of compaſſion aid
My hunger-ſtarved body: ſee, my teares
Flue with griefe, that inward ſorrow reares.
Beſtow one morſell of your bread, I pray,
To ſave my life, before it part away.
And ſeeing I cannot give you recompence,
Ile pray for you, for your benevolence:
For he that giveth to the poore (you know)
Lendeth to the Lord in doing ſo;
I am a Chriſtian, and your brother too;
Then help ſweet Sir, ſith help doth lye in you.
Which ſaid, he groan'd, thinking the *Ant* to move
To ſome compunction, charity and love.
But now the wary *Ant* had quickly ſpy'd,
He that would take no councell, how he ly'd:
For by his voice he did his cunning ſmoke,
And having paus'd awhile, thus wiſely ſpoke.

Ant.

Ant.

GOod heart! a Souldier? I have knowen ſuch,
That have in *England* learned broken *Dutch*;
Beg'd an old Rapier, and a Napſack got,
With a falſe furloaffe (but more fairer wrot)
Naming ſome Towns and Captains 'yond the ſeas,
When they acquaintance never had with theſe:
And yet for Souldiers up and down they rome,
Going this, or that way, yet ſtill going home.
Pardon my briefe digreſſion, Reader, and
The cauſe in part I'll let thee underſtand:
Juſtices of the Peace apparent ſee
Theſe baſe delinquents; but what remedy?
They know 'twill be a trouble; and withall,
Credit ſome may, but profit none at all.
For, except profit commeth nowaday,
Ther's few will ſtep one foot out of the way:
Yea, Conſtables, and Tything men likewiſe,
Although they ſee, 'tis with conniving eyes;
And by their Furloaffes they find it appeare,
Theſe knaves were landed in (kind) Pembroke-ſhire:
And they will rather credit lyes and tales,
Than ſeek to find the truth ſo far in Wales.
Enough of that, and more indeed I feare,
Than will be mended yet theſe nineteen yeare.

Now to the Ant.

MY friend, you ſay, who giveth to the poore
He lendeth to the Lord out of his ſtore:

'Tw

'Twas well alleag'd, but you forgot Saint *Paul*,
Who will not worke, he ſhall not eat at all.
Friend, do you not remenber when I came
With gentle councell to prevent this ſhame?
I told you of your ſloth, improvidence;
Of your ambition, and your negligence:
I councell'd you in time for to prevent,
What now is come to paſſe moſt evident.
I warned you ſome cottage to erect,
But you, as ſcorning, did the ſame reject;
I bid you food and fuell to provide,
Clothing, and lodging, other things beſide.
I did fore-warne you of this pinching cold;
You at me ſcoff'd, and ſcorn'd to be control'd:
When I uprightly of your life did judge,
You did upbraid me with rude clown, baſe drudge,
Preſumptious ſlave, poore toiling elf,
Pack to thy burdens, look unto thy ſelf.
Nay, more than this, you drew your ſword in ſtrife,
With an impetuous hand, to end my life.
Now with a forged lye again you come,
As if I ne'r before knew ſuch a one.
You ſcorn'd to work, but would in pleaſure live;
I wrought for what I have, and ſcorne to give
To idle droanes; and therefore pack you hence,
Keep you your thanks, I my benevolence.
With that he ſhut the doore, and turn'd the key,
And ſo, inexorable, went his way.
Which when the ſtarved *Graſhopper* did ſee,
Stretch'd out his arms, and in great grief ſaid hee.

Graſhopper.

Graſhopper.

O Famine! Famine! under whoſe ſharp hand,
My feeble body can no longer ſtand;
Ah! had I been adjudged for to dye
Upon the point of ſword immediatly,
'T had been a gentle death; but for to pyne
Day after day; great grief! and it is myne!
Or plague of peſtilence had been my lot,
I ſhould have thanked God, and grieved not.
But, it is famine doth my intrailes gripe;
Yet not ſo hard, as for to make me ripe
For long'd for death; ſeeing I am with ſtood
(The happy bleſſing of my bodie) food.
The *Ant* did wiſely counſell me, but I
His wiſdome ſcorn'd, and from his words did fly:
Slighted his ſagacity, and forſooke
Thoſe prudent rules he taught me from times booke;
I learn'd too much indeed an ſurquidry;
Wrapt up in pleaſure, and ſecurity.
The world did hug me, with kind ſalutation,
But now it loathes me, with ſtearn ſequeſtration:
My ſweet-lipt hoſtices, and lovers gay,
Flout at my folly, and ſo turne away;
My friends and kindred give me no reſpect,
But frownes upon my miſery reflect. (ſtore,
With that, deep ſighes burſt out, with teares great
Then ſtop'd, and then again did thus deplore.
How long ſhall I ſharp-hunger thus endure?
That neither can a grave nor food procure

My

My feeble feet cannot my body beare;
And yet my heart-ſtrings break not with this care.
Now I repent my folly, but too late:
Now I bewayle my idleneſſe, my hate
Of mature precepts; yea, the time I curſe,
(But that's the way to make things bad, be worſe.)
O! that my wayes were written with a pen
Of laſting ſteele, upon the hearts of men!
That truly ſeeing my careleſneſſe, they might
Abhor, deteſt, and ever ſhun the like.
And you, O young men of theſe preſent dayes,
Walke wary, wiſe, and circumſpect alwayes:
'Lothing the ground-work of all mis'ry, ſloth,
That doth conſume a man, even as a moth
That frets a garment; and be ſure to fly
'Envie, with Ambition (falling) high,
'Pride, and ſecurity ſee you ſuppreſſe;
'With gluttony, and beaſtly drunkenneſſe;
'Riot, and luxury, abandon quite;
'In wrath, and avarice, do not delight.
Where your affections cold in friendſhip prove,
See you convert it to an ardent love:
And where unto remiſneſſe you are bent,
Strive to become as truly provident.
Be humble, chaſte, and temperate, for this
Is the roade way to gaine eternall bliſſe.
O! that my youthfull dayes with th' eye of ſenſe
Had read this lecture of true ſapience!
I heard it read, but did not underſtand,
Nor uſe nor tenour of that great command:

I did deride the wiſdome of the *Ant*,
Whoſe judgment knew the ſlothfull man muſt want.
I was addicted to mine own conceit,
Pleaſure, lewd company, (the Divels bait)
To women, and to muſick lend mine eare,
To coſtly viands, pallet pleaſing cheare.
Now wanting bread to feed my hunger, I,
Preſt hard with famine, ready am to dy:
I had my full fill'd bowles of dainty wine,
Now, wanting ſome warme liquor, here I pine.
O heavens afflicting hand! nay, I deſerve,
That would not work, (what now is come) to ſtarve
I wiſh my life, my ſhame, my death, may ſtand
A preſident to future ages, and
They ſeeing my improvidence, forſake
The path that leads to vice, and vertue take.
Come gentle death, O come! with ſpeed examine
My hungry intrailes pincht too hard with famine!
And yet not hard enough, becauſe they give
Conſent to life, that I thus wretched live.
The body fed with food, can never think
The ſmart of hunger, brought to famines brink.
Nay, known experience cannot vent with breath,
The want of food, that brings a lingring death!
O Idleneſſe! that leadeth on the way
To miſery, to want, and to decay!
'Tis pigritude, neglect, improvidence,
That blindly ſwallowes men to indigence.
I, I, and only I that feeles this want,
Have liv'd irregular, exorbitant;

My

My youthfull dayes and portion idly ſpent,
The only cauſe I'me in this exigent:
Eyes had, and ſaw not; eares, but would not heare
The charmer cry, *Take time, take time*, prepare.
Whilſt that the verdant fields afforded food,
The ſtormes of winter was not underſtood;
The preſent time of mirth was my regard,
And not providing for the afterward:
The only cauſe of theſe my miſeries,
Wept out with bitter teares in Elegies.
With that he beat his breaſt in ſad deſpaire,
Then lifting up his eyes, he fell to prayer,
Whilſt from the ciſterne of his eyes did runne,
A brinie ſtreame, for former follies done:
So ſtretching forth his hands, he faintly cry'd,
Take time, take time, take time; and ſo he dy'd.

FINIS.

BAC-

BACCHUS
Banner displaid.

To the honest censuring Reader.

READer, behold in this my (homely) rime,
*The Souldiers of God-*Bacchus *muster'd up*
Who hath well taught them through his disciplin
Of hogshead, barrell, pipe, glasse, can, and cup:
They so exactly have his postures learn'd,
That from their captain cannot be discern'd.

If you aske whither that they march so fast?
I cannot yet resolve you very well:
But, as 'tis thought, toward Vice they do make ha
To take it in: and after troup to Hell:
But peace is proffer'd by the King of Heave
If they'll returne, and repent their treason.

Some

Some will retreat, to have this peace ful-fill'd,
Being deterr'd with horror, and with feare;
Having no other hope, but to be kill'd,
Sith that the gunner of Gehenna's there:
His aimes they are more ſubtill, and more right,
Than ever Mars's *in his hotteſt fight.*

Other, more wilfull, obſtinate, and rude;
Will not deſiſt, 'till Vice be taken in:
And having that immunity ſubdu'd,
Toward Hell they'll march, through the coaſt of ſin:
But yet ther's hope, they will at length retire,
Having ſmelt the ſulphure of hels burning fire.

Thine RICH. WATTS.

An Introduction.

A Late occaſion called me to view,
The ſev'rall humors of the Drunken crew;
Some at the Taverne, with full quarts I found;
Some at the Alehouſe, with ſtrong beere were drown'd
In private houſes ſome, ſome I did meet
Making Indentures, croſ-legg'd in the ſtreet.
Here courtiers, and there poore ſcoundrels ſate:
Above, brave rorers, heirs made of late;
Below, a troop of hoary heads I ſaw:
On this hand Ploydens, *not in caſe, but law;*
In that room Captains, vowing for to have
The blood of Laſhly, *or a famous grave:*
Yonder ſate Trades-men, here did Marchants ſit:
Divines, and Schollers there (though far unfit.)
From ten to foureſcore there I ſaw carouſe
With pots, and pipes, 'till they made black the houſe.
Which rightly noting, ſtrait I took my pen
For to deſcribe the humors of theſe men.
No Muſes aide I need for to implore,
(Except Melpomene *to mourne therefore)*
Nor yet no drops from Helicon to win,
(Rather ſalt teares, for to lament their ſin)
But in an humble ſtraine my Muſe ſhall ſhow,
What ſev rall humors from theſe Drunkards flow.

The Quarrelling Drunkard.

ONe here is bent to quarrell, and he will
(If not prevented) this his fellow kill: [grows
But being by friends withheld, he (ſeeming)
More hot, and furious, to augment his blows;
And fumes, and frets, and rages; in whoſe face
Nothing but death and horrour taketh place.
But being parted, 'tother odd Jug, or two,
Makes them all friends again, with ſmall adoe.
Thus ale, and beere, that did this fury move,
Converts red wounds into proteſted love.

The Leacherous Drunkard.

A Second warmed with the juyce of malt,
The fort of chaſtity 'gins to aſſault,
Note how he whiſpers in his hoſteſſe eare:
And that he loves her, ſeriouſly doth ſweare;
On her he winks, and ſleires, and often do
In private wring her hand; and kiſſe her too.
But if ſhe be not to his luſt betraid,
Then he lyes tempting of her ſervant maid:
Or elſe ſome other queen as bad, or worſe,
That ſhall fulfill his luſt, and empt his purſe.

The Drunkard that will not pay his ſhot, he being drunk.

ANother, in his humor freely cals,
But if deny'd, then furiouſly he braules;
He muſt have no deniall, if they grumble,
Both jugs and glaſſes down the ſtayres tumble.
But when the reckoning's brought the ſame to pay,
He'l not one Doyt toward the ſame defray:
Though urg'd, and urg'd again, his coyne will keep;
'Till at the table he fals faſt aſleep;
But whilſt he ſenſe and reaſon doth retaine,
He'll call, and pay; and pay, and call againe.

The Drunkard that will not pay untill he be drunk: and then pay any thing.

A Fourth, he keeps company but yet
Whilſt he his reaſon keeps, you ſhall not get
One penny from him to help pay the ſhot,
Though up and down neare twenty times you trot:
But when the liquor doth his ſenſe o're ſway,
Ther's none more forward than himſelfe to pay;
Yea, then if you but flatter up this elfe,
Be't more, or leſſe, he'll pay it all himſelfe.
Thus he that would not pay one myte before,
Is now contented to pay all the ſcore.

The Apiſh Drunkard.

ONe, like an Ape ſhews many tricks, and toys,
To leap, and dance, and ſing with ruefull noiſe;

O r

O're the foorme skips, then croſſe-legd ſits
Upon the table, in his apiſh fits.
From houſe to houſe he rambles in ſuch ſort,
That no baboon could make you better ſport:
He pincheth one, another with his wand
He thruſts, or ſtriketh, or elſe with his hand:
Piſſes the room, and as he ſleeping lyes
Waters his couch (not with repenting eyes.)

The Weeping Drunkard.

HEre ſits one almoſt ready for to ſleep,
Who at each ſentence that you ſpeak, doth weep;
If tragick ſtories you relate, why then,
He weeps, and wonders, yea, and weeps again:
Call him but coxcomb, then his eyes they ſeem
Like the eaves-dropping, 'cauſe of diſeſteem:
Take you but pity on him, then his teares
Amaine powres down, whilſt up his hands he reares.
'Till *Morpheus* the heavy god of ſleep,
Doth cauſe him by a charme, forget to weep.

A tongue-tide Drunkard.

A Seventh, he ſits mute, as if his tongue
Had never learn'd no other word but mum;
And with his mouth he maketh mops and mews,
Juſt like an ape his face in forme he ſcrews:
Then nods with hum, and hah; but not one word
His tongue-tide fooliſh ſilence can afford.

To note his geſture, and his ſnorting after,
'Twould make a horſe breakall his girts with laughter:
But queſtionleſſe he'd ſpeak more were he able,
Which you ſhall heare, having well ſlept at table.

The Pratling Drunkard.

ANother, he makes deaf your eares to heare
The vaine tatoulogies he doth declare;
That, had you as many eares as *Argus* eyes,
He'd make them weary all with tales, and lyes:
And at the period of each idle fable,
He gives the onſet to out-laugh the table:
No beggers clap-diſh, nor mill-wheele doth runne
One halfe ſo faſt, as his eare-clogging tongue:
That were it not for gaine to empt the barrell, (rell.
Both hoſt, and gueſt would with the coxcomb quar-

The Carouſing Drunkard.

ONe he ſits drinking healths to ſuch a friend,
Then to his miſtris he a health doth ſend:
This publick Captains health he next doth meane,
And then in private to ſome naſty queane:
Nothing but healths of love is his pretenſe,
Till he himſelfe hath loſt both health and ſenſe.
To ſhake you by the hand he doth deſire,
Swearing his love to you is moſt intire:
Yet at next meeting this moſt loving ſot,
Healths, love, and friendſhip hath as much forgot

Th

The Vomitting Drunkard.

TO make the halfe ſcore up amongſt the crue;
Another, being o're fil'd, begins to ſpue
Worſe than the brutiſh beaſt; (O fy upon it!)
It is a qualme forſcoth doth cauſe him vomit.
And where a pint or two would quench his thirſt,
With gallons now his panch is like to burſt;
So that his ſtomack being over-preſt,
He muſt diſgorge it, e're he can have reſt:
Worſe than the myred ſwine he walloweth in
His filthy vomit, and moſt fearefull ſin.

The Gameſtering Drunkard.

HEre ſits one humored only for to play
At dice, or cards, to paſſe the time away:
And not one penny he with friends will joyne,
But it ſhall be as cards or dice deſigne:
Fortune ſhall be his goddeſſe, none but ſhe
Shall have his prayers, for faire caſts to be:
But, if that fickle-fortune frowns, why then
He'll joyne, and ſpend as free as other men,
And curſe his fortune, yea, and angry grow,
Becauſe damn'd fortunes wheele did backward go.

The Theeviſh Drunkard.

HE having in this humour ſpent his meanes,
On beaſtly drunkenneſſe, and ſordid queanes,

His ſenſe being captivated, plots his wit,
How he ſome theeviſh prank may cloſe commit:
And having loſt his reaſon, gives his minde,
That he his ill-ſpent goods again may finde:
Idleneſſe, and want, with Satans aid,
Bids him go forward, and be not afraid.
Well; I will leave him tipling at the ale-houſe,
Expecting for to finde him at the gallows.

He that ſteals himſelfe Drunk.

ANother ſeeming wiſe he ſits demure,
That you would think him to be truely pure,
And by his ſilent ſipping you would think
He ſuffer'd not his palat taſte the drink:
Yea, ſo demurely he doth ſteale it in,
(Yet he will ſee the bottom from the brim)
'Till that his tongue doth hault; and you may 'ſpy
Within his face, a purple colour'd dye.
Thus he by filching of ſtrong ale, and beere,
Loſeth his underſtanding, grace and feare.

The malicious Drunkard.

THere are a ſort, to vent their rancor out,
Will once a quarter have a drunken bout,
That with a bolder impudence they may
Upbraid, traduce, and knaviſhly inveigh
Their honeſt neighbour, or ſome other neare,
That lives in good eſteem, and God doth feare:

These

Theſe reeling, rayling, ſhufle up and down,
From ſtreet to ſtreet; from ſhop to ſhop i'th' town:
And from theſe drunken rout you may eſpy,
Backbiting, ſlaunder, mocks, taunts, with envy.

The Thraſonicall, or Boaſting Drunkard.

THis goodly Imp (but note him right) is he
That ſtill is boaſting of his pedigree,
Although his veſture now be ſomewhat torne;
He is a Scholler, and more worthy borne;
Was graduated too in Oxinford,
Though he of *Camden* cannot ſpeak one word.
Or may be brags he hath a Souldier been,
'Tis true, and one of *Bacchus* troop now ſeen)
Or ſome great revenues to come hereafter,
When all that heares him, gives a hem, with laughter.

The Chollerick Drunkard.

'Is not a paſſion that in him remaines,
But a groſſe humor of his drunken braines;
In ev'ry ſentence you to him diſcloſe,
Be't good, or bad, takes pepper in the noſe:
Tell him the truth of errors, he's diſturb'd,
Tell him of patience, he knows not the word,
And like the cur that ſnarles, but will not bite,
So he ſtill teaſty is, but will not fight:
But he above the common ſort is plac'd,
And they are pleaſing-ſharks feares his diſtaſt.

The

The Ryming Drunkard.

HE having oyl'd his tongue, and heat his braine,
Turns Poetaſter, in this merry vaine,
And not one ſentence you ſhall from him heare,
But he in fooliſh ryme doth it declare:
Extempory doth his companions cumber,
(But think not Reader 'tis with ſenſe, or number)
For any thing that in his mind doth come,
He with a Ryme the matter doth conſumme.
Yet this contents poore clowns, whilſt judgement hate,
Such idiots, and at it increpate.

The Merry Drunkard.

HEre ſits one ſtraining of his drunken throat
Beyond all reaſon, yet far ſhort of note:
Singing is his delight, then whoops and hallows,
Making a garboyle worſe than *Vulcans* bellows.
Now for a Counter tenor he takes place,
But ſtrayning then too high, fals to be baſe:
Then ſcrews his mouth an inch beyond its forme,
To treble it; juſt like a Gelders-horne:
He's all for ſinging, and he hates to chide,
'Till blithfull *Bacchus* cauſe his tongue be tyde.

The intruding ſharking Drunkard.

E'ne as a kyte doth ſlowly ſoare about,
To find ſome prey, and hungry booty out;

So,

So, here's another that's grown impudent,
And doth intrude, as he ſome buſineſſe meant;
Then with faire pleaſing words (unbid) ſits down,
Till ſome drinks to him, or haps in the round:
Untill his noſe, and the tobacco-pipe,
For heat and colour are amatch'd alike:
But even as the reckoning's brought to pay,
He hath ſenſe enough left for to ſteale away.

The Drunkard that Contaminates his hoſe.

SIr reverence, your ſtomacks doe prepare
Againſt ſome word, or deed, ill-ſcent doth beare.
So this moſt ſordid beaſt being drunk, doth miſſe
The chamber pot, and in his hoſe doth piſſe:
Nay, ſmell but neare him, you perhaps may find,
Not only piſs'd before, but ——— behind:
Each company lothes him, holding of their noſe,
Scorning, and pointing at his filthy hoſe:
As no condition of a Drunkard's good,
So this ſmells worſt of that ſweet-ſower brood.

The common Souldiers cal'd in order here,
The Officers by name, did next appeare.
The Chieftain's place firſt, Bacchus *did aſſume;*
Sharp-eyes (*mine hoſt*) *Lieuteuant was next to em.*
Young Spend-thrift Speed, *he did the Banner beare;*
The Drum was Careleſſe, *old* Remiſſe *his heire:*
His Clark was Cropt-eare Brib'ry; (*one whoſe pen,*
Hath former ty'd, and undone many men.)

His

His Sargeants were to keep his Souldiers quiet,
And muſter them, Improvidence *and* Riot.
His Corporals that kept his Court of guard,
The one was Folly, *(that did little ward)*
The other was called Luxury, *a Lad,*
Trayn'd up in France, where he hot combats had.
His Lanſpazaddo had the name of Sloth,
But all accoutred with one ſort of cloth.
The motto *that the Banner did expreſſe,*
Was, Poverty doth follow Drunkenneſſe.
Thus, ſtanding to their Armes, ſtrait the Drum
To beat a march couragiouſly begun,
So we that ſtaid behind, bade them fare-well,
Seeing they were reſolv'd to march to Hell.

FINIS.

A POSTSCRIPT.

PErhaps thou'lt ſay, I have theſe lines compos'd
From my experience: well, and if thou doſt,
Tis true, I have, my weakneſſe lyes incloſ'd
within my breaſt, and wiſh I were more juſt.
But what groſſe errors in me thou eſpy,
Let it fore-warne thee, from the like to fly.

CARAC-

CHARACTERS.

A Common Drunkard

HIS (like to a candle) one that con
ſumes himſelfe, to aſſiſt others
You may know him by his habit
for it is as daubie as a greaſi
ſtock-carders hat of ſeven yeare
ſtanding. As for his ſhirts, he hath no mor
than there be tenors in a ring of bels; th
Cobbler will not give him credit to peece hi
ſhooes; and yet his hoſteſſe dare truſt him o
three pots: for indeed, his care is more t
keep touch with her, than to provide for hi
family. And becauſe he ſeldome beares ſil
ver in his purſe, he will be ſure at all times t
have a copper noſe. He never deales with th
Jewelle

Jeweller, for he is alwayes furiſhed with Rubies. But that you know his aſpect, you would weare he had robb'd ſome Cherry garden to imboſſe his countenance. As for his manners, he railes at his deceaſed parents, nay, curſes his father, that gave him no better education, and hazarded not his ſoule to have left him a future eſtate, and more learning. Wit he hath enough, but it is too often overwhelmed with the undermining of full glaſſes. As for his humour, being freſh, it is reaſonable; but drunk, he cannot eſcape ſome of the former. If you but looke on the habit of his wife and children, you cannot forbeare the ſighing out of, *Alas poore wretches!* Caſt but an eye on his houſhold-ſtuffe, you will bluſh; for he is better acquainted with the Potter, than the Pewterer. The word Upholſter is Greek to him, for ſheare flocks and Spaniſh wool-bags are his nightly companions. He cumbers not his houſe with woodden veſſels to bake and brew in, but he fulfils the Proverb, Bagge and bottle diſpatches his market. He dwels rent free, for his wiſe fore-ſeeing father left him the weſt end of an old barne, ſo that the Pariſh is not troubled with that coſt: but at the leaſt ſickneſſe

neſſe of himſelfe, or family, the Overſeers o
the poore are forced (in the bowels of com
paſſion) to extend their accuſtomed benevo
lence. His credit and reputation are alike, fo
the world loves him ſo well, that it keepe
him out of debt: And as for a good name, h
expects it not. He is ſeldome troubled wit
melancholy, except his (halfe ſtarved) wif
ſtanding at the Alehouſe doore, threatnin
to breake his jugs and pipes, ſhewing him o
his moſt ſordid life, her and her children
preſent miſery, &c. Or if his hoſteſſe frowne
on him for his (forceable) ſcoring: This ma
move him, but t'other two pots roots out thi
melancholy. Lawyers are not acquainte
with him. And as for Phyſicians, he ſcorne
their drugs; for he purgeth himſelfe daily
His Religion is a Proteſtant; but for theo
ther two pots, or at moſt for three, you ma
find him at Maſſe to morrow morning: Na
he is ſo indifferent, that he cares not thoug
there were neither prayers, preaching, rites, o
ceremonies. He hath a trade, but the uſe he
makes of it you may judge by his accoutre
ments and utenſils. His behaviour is ruſticili
tie, and his complement the ſame. Sloth an

Inebriet

nebriety are the grand authors of his miſery; ut pitie and compunction come not neare im. He hath beene a traveller, and will as oone fill your eares, as empt your glaſſes. His companions are Crate carriers, Tinkers, ow and then a ſhuffling Mountebank. Scarce Cobler aſſociates him, fearing he will lurch im beyond his Laſt. To conclude, if you but tep into the next Alehouſe, you ſhall finde im ſitting in the chimney corner ſmoaking obacco, with torne ſhooes, his ſtockings out heeles, his hat and band correſpondent. As or his doublet and hoſe, if you ſaw them lie the ſtreet, you would fly from them faſter han an Indian from a Rattle Snake. If you ote him, you cannot but thinke that he hath o ſhift to prevent his back-biting enemies. ut enough of him, fogh, he ſtinks.

An Hoſt

S truly, *Ianus*-like, bi-fronted; for with the one face he ſmiles, and with the other ownes. His deepeſt art is to fathome the ottome of your purſe; which if it cries hinke, then his inſinuating complexion is

ſmoothed up, and the clouds of his diſcontent are diſſolved: then hee induces you to ſome more private roome, knowing Woodcocks muſt be warily enſnared. His dialect is more pleaſing than hony of *Hibla*: if you are free in expences, then ſome relliſhing ſalt bit ſhall ſeaſon your palate.

The Authors wiſhes by Characters, with a Chronogram of the yeere of our Lord

M. DC. XL.

Crown'd Here A Ruler, Live, Encreaſe, and Shine,
Sacred To Vertue, And Returne with Time.

Muſt Death Cut downe our ſunne, our hope, our love?
His life eXtinct, Lives crown'd with ſaints above.

Amen, Amen,
Amen.

40.

A CONCISE POEME

ON THE SCITUATION, TRADING, &c Of *Shepton Mallet*, in the County of SOMERSET.

SIth learned Maſter *Nabs* hath ſhew'd the peopl
Touching the beautie of a famous Steeple,
I ſee no reaſon that my native Towne
Should be forgot, that doth deſerve renown;
And therefore gentle Reader note I pray
What doth enſue, and we'll part friends away.
Within a Valley fertile, ſweet, and faire,
Alwayes befriended with a wholeſome aire,
This far-fam'd Towne of *Shepton Mallet* lies,
Neare *Mendip* towring hills, whence doth ariſe
Great ſtore of Lead and Cole; with many rills
That ſoft doe glide from out theſe neighbour hills:

An

And as they thus along their banks doe dally,
They wed together in this fruitfull vally;
Which makes a pleaſant River, and doth haſte
Its Journie through this Towne; whereon are plac'd
Many faire Structures, and as rich withall,
(As for to let you underſtand I ſhall.)
A vaſt and ſtrong built Church, adorned rare
With Organs, Bells, (and as well tuned are;)
Exquiſite Pulpit, other things beſide,
Decent and ſeemely it is beautifi'd.
A Roofe, the mirrour of Great Brittaine, ſtands;
Nay, 'tis unparallel'd by forraine lands:
The very Architype for workmens view,
For cutting, carving, and their wonder too.
A reverend Paſtor of *Minerva*'s fire,
One whom *Apollo* did at firſt inſpire
With ſacred learning (witneſſe *Pauls*-croſſe can:)
His doctrine ſound, and he an able man.
A famous Shoole, and pregnant Scholars too,
Guided by learnings Starre, deepe rules to view:
And as in learning taught, they have a time
Twice in the week for martiall diſcipline;
So that (though young in age) yet they are skill'd
Beyond moſt common ſouldiers of the field;
Yea, if you ſaw them march, whilſt drums they thunder,
You could not chuſe but ſtand amaz'd with wonder.
An Almſ-houſe likewiſe, where the poore doe finde
Comforts to cheare their (elſe diſtreſſed) minde,
Late founded by two Brothers yet ſurviving, (ving.
Whom heaven (no doubt) will bleſſe with double thri-

A Market-croſſe moſt accurate built indeed,
As Architectures ſay, that doth it heed:
Yea, paſſers by admire ſo ſmall a Towne
Should have a Croſſe of ſuch a great renowne.
We have our *Oſſa*, and high *Pelion* too,
From whence (but turning round) a man may view
The Principality of *Wales*; beſide,
Gloſterſhire, and *Wiltſhire* plaines ſo wide;
Derſet and *Devon* this proſpect doth lend,
So farre it doth (the weather being cleere) extend.
All this you'll ſay is common; well, I grant,
Yet many Townes (you know) of this doe want.
But yet the glory of our Towne remaines
In making cloth, through induſtry and paines;
Yea, cloth ſo curious fine, thick, thin, and full,
Some of our Engliſh, ſome of Spaniſh wooll;
With ſuch diverſitie of colours too,
Nature doth bluſh to ſee what Art can doe;
That Kings and Nobles have thought fit to weare
Our countrey cloth, and cloth of gold forbeare;
Yea our dread Soveraigne (Muſe be not too raſh)
Hath beene inveſted with leaves from an Aſh.
Kent, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, *Devon*, *Worceſter*,
Cannot with us (and neare us) once compare.
To what eſtates have many with us here
Beene lifted up within this thirty yeere?
And Reader (pray but note) theſe men now keep
Thouſands t'attend the profit of the ſheep;
Yea, threeſcore thouſand poore it doth appeare
From *Shepton*, *Batcomb*, and ſome places neare,

That have their maintenance and livelihood,
Who otherwiſe might ſtarve for want of food.
1 As firſt, the Parter, that doth neatly cull
The finer from the courſer ſort of wool.
2 The Dyer then in order next doth ſtand,
With ſweating brow, and a laborious hand.
3 With oyle they then aſperge it, which being done,
4 The carefull hand of Mixers round it runne.
5 The Stockcarder his armes doth hard imploy,
(Remembring Friday is our Market day.)
6 Then the Knee-carder doth (without controule)
Quickly convert it to a leſſer roule.
7 Which done, the Spinſter doth in hand it take,
And of two hundred roules one threed doth make:
Not wronging any, onely ſome few locks
To make her Patroneſſe (Saint *Katherine*) ſmocks.
8 The Weaver next doth warp and weave the chain,
Whilſt Puſs his Cat ſtands mewing for a skaine;
But he, laborious with his hands and heeles,
Forgets his Cat, and cries, come boy with queeles.
2 Being fill'd, the Brayer doth it mundifie
From oyle and dirt that in the ſame doth lie,
10 The Burler then (yea thouſands in this place)
The thick ſet weed with nimble hand doth chaſe;
And when the golden Sunne falls to the Weſt,
The parts that made him weary give him reſt.
11 The Fuller then cloſe by his Stock doth ſtand,
And will not once ſhake *Morpheus* by the hand.
12 The Rower next his armes lifts up on high.
13 And neare him ſings the Shearman merrily.

14 The

14 The Drawer laſt, that many faults doth hide,
(Whom Merchant nor the Weaver can abide)
Yet he is one in moſt clothes ſtops more holes,
Than there be ſtaires to the top of *Pauls*.

The Merchant then tranſports it 'yond the Seas,
Eaſt, Weſt, and South, e'n to th' Antipodes.
Which brings them profit, and us credit too.
(Let *London* witneſſe where I ſpeake not true.)
Yea, other Counties within Beauties Ile,
As on our Cloth they looke, admire the while.
And as this trade chiefly ſupports this land,
I wiſh 't may here and elſewhere happy ſtand.

And to conclude, ſweet meats may pleaſe the pallet
But for fine Cloth t' inveſt you, *Shepton Mallet*.

FINIS.

POETICALL FLASHES IN EPIGRAMMES:

Whose Birth was as hasty, as Conception sudden.

MADE,

Or well-wisht to bee *Made*,

BY

RICHARD WATTS

---

ritick turn back, Envy, Detraction too;
or I appeale to free born Spirits, not you.

LONDON,
Printed for *Edward Blackmore* at the signe of the Angell in *Pauls* Church-yard,
Anno 1641.

POETICALL FLASHES.

EPIGRAMMES BY THE AUTHOR TO CERTAINE Of his Friends.

To his loving Mother, together with his no leſſe affected Father-in-law, and Mother-in-law.

PErhaps you wiſh, that I more cloſe did follow
The honeſt craft of making Boots & Shooes,
Than to attend the Daughters of *Apollo*,
Or be a ſervant to a (thriftleſſe) Muſe,
The which gives me content, and none abuſe.)
But ſith the Muſes (that have made me poore)
Give me ſo little, pray give me the more.

To the ingenious Schollars of our lately erected, and now flouriſhing Grammar Schoole of Shepton Mallet.

THIs your deſert incites my Muſe to praiſe
Your acute tractabilitie, and lore,
That doth indeed deſerve the wreath of Bayes,
Which *Oxford* and *Cambridge* for you keep in ſtore;
And you ſhall hav't, ſome after, ſome before.
See then you haſte to *Ariſtotles* well,
That Nectar doth ſtupidity expell.

Sterne *Mars* doth ſmile to ſee his * ſervant drill
The ſons of *Pallas* in his exerciſe,
Rejoycing your agility and skill,
Sounding your trump of fame e'n to the skies;
The which *Jove* hearing, from his throne did riſe:
So with the gods *Galatia* walkt to ſee
Your youthfull hands ſo old in armes to be.

* *Mr.* Daniel Sheen *Deputy Muſter-maſter for Somerſetſhire.*

To my good Friend Maſter Edward Strode.

TO flatter you, were baſe; to praiſe you, vaine;
To diſcommend you, I ſhould doe you wrong:
Why then I will doe neither of the ſame;
Meane time accept my heart, I'll hold my tongue.

To

To his very very honeſt couſin, R. Andrew White, *upon falſe fame.*

A Ndrew, late fame hath cloath'd your back; nay (more,
Hath gain'd you ſome odd crownes, that erſt was (poore.
But *Andrew, Andrew,* look well to the ſame
Leſt you are forc't for to make good that fame.

Of an improvident Workman, and a frugall Scioliſt.

A Perfect Workman, of an honeſt Trade,
Totter'd in habit, and in purſe as poore,
Wrought by a Botcher, that leſſe wages made,
Yet he had choice of ſutes, with money ſtore.
Who 's the beſt Workman then (judge rightly friend)
He that doth gaine, or he that all doth ſpend?

Of a carefull Father.

A Diſcreet Father, having but two Sonnes,
Began to think for them the beſt profeſſion;
Pauſing a while, with many haes and hums,
At length reſolved (and with good diſcretion)
The one (quoth he) ſhall be an holy Prieſt,
The other ſhall a Lawyers place attaine;
For in theſe two the chiefeſt points conſiſt,
And many of them doe great honour gaine:

Other profeſſions quickly may be croſt,
But Prieſts and Lawyers they ſtill rule the roſt.

Of Sis her boaſting of her Beautie.

Sis brags ſh' hath Beautie, and will prove the ſame.
As how? as thus ſir; 'tis her Puppies name.

Of Zalencus *Law.*

Zalencus in his time (as I have read)
Ordain'd a law, Adulterets to dread,
That whoſoever was by proofe convicted,
With loſſe of both his eyes ſhould be afflicted.
If like offenders now like law ſhould finde,
'Tis to be doubted many would be blinde.

Of a Miller and his barren wife.

Husband (quoth ſhe, and ſmil'd) I daily muſe
Our labours bring not forth as others doe,
Being we have full ſtreame, and skill to uſe
An honeſt Loader, and good cuſtome too.
Ah wife (quoth he) the matter lies obſcure,
My ledging Stone's too ſoft, and broke aſunder;
My other is too brittle and obdure,
Which cannot fructifie with her lies under.
What, lies the imperfection in your Stones?
Nay then (quoth ſhe) I will provide me new ones.

Of

Of an uncharitable Wiſh, and a true Anſwer:

A Raſcall wiſh'd all Cuckolds in the ſea;
(A ſin moſt fearefull as my judgement think)
Then (quoth his wife) you'd wiſh your ſelfe a Flea,
To skip aſhore; for certaine you would ſinke.
Who wiſhes ill to other, oft wee finde
Fortune for them the ſelfe-ſame lot aſſign'd.

Of a Lawyers right hand.

A Merry fellow did in jeſt demand
A Lawyers truth confirm'd with his right hand.
Right hand and heart, you ſhall have both (quoth he)
Alwayes provided that I have my fee.
Faith (ſayes the fellow) now I underſtand
You have a heart, but never a right hand:
Becauſe your heart and hand are joyntly ty'd,
And grow as rightly both on your left ſide.

Of the inviting of a rich miſerable Farmer by an Hoſt.

AN honeſt Hoſt (though few of ſuch we find)
Invited me to ſupper, wondrous kinde;
Whereas I found both welcome and good cheere,
According to the ſeaſon of the yeere.

Supper being ended, and our thanks return'd,
Fell to our cups of Sack, and Claret burn'd;
To this friend publick, this, a private health,
(As good ſupporters of the Commonwealth.)
At length a Bale of dice the Vintner brought,
(A Cellar trick old Reynard had him taught.)
So I (as other of the gueſts did doe)
Fell unto Paſſage for a Piece or two;
But ere bright *Phebus* had *Olympus* crown'd,
Mo ſcot and lot was ſix and thirty pound.
If theſe be his invitings, the next time
I'll pray him keepe his cheere, and I my coine.

Of Pegs *true oath.*

PEgg ſweares ſh'hath maiden-haire, 'tis true indeed,
To make her oath ſtill good, ſhe keeps the weed.
Tuſh, that's too common, not worth halfe a fig;
But ſhe doth keepe it in her Periwig.

Of a ſelfe-conceited Poet.

A Wealthy heire raſhly made a vow
He was a Poet, 'cauſe he rim'd but now.
Reader, beleeve him not, for I am ſure
Poets (how ere within) without are poore.

Of Bet's *Crocodile teares.*

BEt, that former ſmil'd, weepes to her lover;
The which he noting, 'gan for to reprove her

'Tis

'Tis but (quoth ſhe) to let you underſtand
I have both ſmiles and teares at my command.

Of a common Libeller.

A Secret Libeller (whoſe famiſht jaw
Froth'd like a Boare, with th'envie he did chaw)
Whets his invention, and in baſe rimes dog
Calumniate this man, and woman too,
Forging of falſhood; and doth daily ſtrive
To keep black envie (though halfe-ſtarv'd) alive.
Reader but note, this cloſe malicious elfe
Makes many bad, whilſt he is worſt himſelfe.
But queſtionleſſe he is poſſeſt with feares,
That he is borne to die without his eares.

Of a game at Loadam.

A Young Man and a Maid to cards they went,
And Loadam was the ſcope of their intent:
The Maiden got the game with ſmall adoe,
But yet (being Loaden) was the loſer too.

Of flattering praiſes.

G*Natho* in ſublime terms my vertues raiſe;
But *Gnatho*'s high commend turns my diſpraiſe.

How

How a Miller brought his guiltleſſe man to be hanged; as John Speed.

Amongſt the troubleſome riſers of the Weſt,
A factious Miller was combined faſt;
But when the ſword of juſtice them ſuppreſt,
This Miller to his Mill he maketh haſte;
So tells his man, that he muſt take the name
Of Maſter on him, whoſoever came.

The man contented, and his Maſter gone,
(He little thought of his pretended ill.)
Preſent the Martiall with his traine they come,
Calling upon the Maſter of the Mill.
What vould you ſir (quoth the new Maſter than?)
You may be bold to ſpeake, you ſee the man.

Deſcend the ſtaires then, you may not falter,
Sir I arreſt you for high treaſon here;
With that about his neck they caſt a halter,
Which made the mazed Miller 'gin to ſweare
By *Pluto, Jupiter, Mars, Jove, and Pan,*
He was no Maſter, but the Maſters man.

Then ſaid the Martiall (judgement too unjuſt!)
No better ſervice for him canſt thou doe:
So to a beame the frighted man they truſt,
Who quickly died in the peoples view.
Thus many doe that in a haſtie vaine,
They wiſh too late (with griefe) undone againe.

Of

Of the Lye.

OUt (quoth a Coxcomb) with this monſtrous Lye,
Alaſſe if ſo, take it as cheap as I.

Of a good teacher, and bad doer.

OF late I heard a Preacher (of great lore)
Admoniſhing his flock, how they ſhould ſhun
All ſins could be accounted, as before
In many of his Lectures he had done,
Untill the glaſſe his utmoſt ſand had runne,
And ſo concluded: being all content
With his good doctrine, home each partie went.

No ſooner I convenient time eſpi'd,
Said to him, Sir, you bid your flock beware
Of drunkenneſſe, of avarice, and pride,
Cloſe uſury, and malice to forbeare;
With other ſins, ſome great, ſome leſſe than they 're:
And yet your Pariſh doth (too often) ſee
Your ſelfe of theſe nam'd ſins moſt guilty be.
Tuſh friend (quoth he) theſe things are too too rife:
Follow my rules of teaching, not my life.

Of a Schiſmaticks opinion of Meeter, and his wives enigmaticall anſwer.

ONe ſaid my lines were ſcurrill, and deceits;
The nurſe of ſinne, yea, and ſole tempting baits;

All

All Meeter vaine (but the Pſalmes excepted,
Nay hardly that too is with him affected.)
He will reade none (though by rare *Quarles* writ;)
Great reaſon too: for why? he wanteth wit?
But what ſayes *Mal?* ſhe thinks there's nothing ſweet
Than numbers (in the midſt) to end in meet-her.

Of a broken Draper.

A Smooth tongu'd Draper (ſuch as you may meet
Too often (to your coſt) in watling ſtreet)
On Thurſday's Market to the Hall he comes,
And with three Clothiers deales for weighty ſummes;
Pointing to each of them a ſeverall time
To pearch, and meaſure, and receive their coine:
Each keeps his houre, at three, at five, at eight,
(But he that firſt came, with the laſt did wait.)
At length the Draper came with language kinde,
And telling them, a friend had him enjoin'd
To ſup with him, but at the breake of day
He would not faile to meaſure, pearch, and pay;
One inward mumbl'd, and another, he
Said, ſir, you know my houre was at three:
The third (being diſappointed) ſeem'd to grudge,
Saying, he thought t'have laine at *Hartford*-bridge.
The Draper ſoone perceiv'd their diſcontent:
So taking leave, back to their lodging went.
Early next morne they roſe, and being dreſt,
With haſty feet unto the Drapers preſt;
No ſooner knockt, but ſtraight a nimble boy
Came poſting downe, and to them gently ſay,

(after

After good morrow) friends, what would you here?
Whose very smiles made couzenage appeare.)
Quoth one, 's your Master stirring? Stirring, quoth he?
Yes, yes, and at *Gravesend* before 'twas three,
Following a bad Debtor, and a man
That owes him much, now bound for *Rotterdam.*
Quoth one of them (to make the other laughter)
Seeing they be gone, let's send the Divell after;
And he being absent, we shall surely then
Have honest dealing with all other men.

Of contenting Love.

HOny of *Hybla* ne'r pleas'd the pallat more (pos'd;
Than true love doth the heart, through faith com-
Their dayes like Nectar sweet; nay far before.
What are their nights then, with their armes enclos'd
Like to the Vine and Elme, with kisses ros'd?
Th' Elixar of Ambrosia ne'r was such,
As *Venus* said, when *Vulcan* did but touch.
If Love yeelds this, O who would live one houre
Without the comfort of a Paramour?

Of discontenting Love.

NO Cokatrices gall in *Stygion* steept,
Heben, nor *Tetra*, can distract the minde
Like to rejected Love, when it hath creept
Into the heart, small hope thereof to finde,
But flears and flouts, fastidious and unkinde.

O judge ye lovers, *Thisbe, Sappho, Hero,*
Whether Love be not a Tyrant worſe than *Nero?*
If Love yeelds this, O who would ſpend one minute
Motion, word, looke, thought for to come in it?

Of ſuſpition.

SOme ſay the Moone is growne a wanton Minion,
E'r ſince ſhe kiſt her Lover, old *Endimion:*
She did but kiſſe, and free from farther fact,
But ſhe hath ſeene thouſands commit the act.
So ſome were better ſteale, the Proverb goes,
Than ſome but o'r the hedge to peep their noſe.

Of the Agapines.

SOme write, theſe people have their feet in forme
Like mountain goats out neighbor *Wales* doth breed.
Tis ſtrange how natives differ, here the horne
doth onely grow upon ſome peoples head.
Yet note the reaſon; Natures work them made,
But women here performe it by a trade.

Of Mals *opinion.*

M*All* findes all men conſtant, yet there's no man
Harbors that thought, to find a conſtant woman.

Of a friendly wiſh for a ſcolding wife.

SOme have the cramp in legs, hands, throat, 'tis told;
I wiſh 't may take her tongue when next ſhe ſcold.

Of

Of a Dancer.

A Light heel'd Dancer having catcht the fox,
Was by the Officers clapt in the ſtocks;
A merry wag ſtood by (that held a taper)
Quoth he) here's halfe a crowne ſir for one Caper.

Of Bruntus *reſolution.*

Bruntus that erſt was wont to ſpend and play,
Now works for diet, and a groat a day;
Excluding *Bacchus* drunken crue for ever,
Saying, 'tis better late to thrive than never.

Of the rurall Iriſh.

THey have no Wants to kill, yet in a trice
Can put to death a troop of well fed Lice:
No croaking Toad, ne Serpent that is venome,
But ſordid ſluts as bad among their women:
No ſervile yoke, ne yet mechanick labour,
But Uſquebath, with Cowſe and bonny clabber;
No inauſpicious Magpy for to chatter,
But penny Maſſes, and free holy water;
No rich attire, nor faire erected houſes,
But little Cabbins, Mantles, Brogues, and Trouſes.
Nay, they have one thing more (ah griefe to finde!
Quick eyes to ſee, and yet moſt deadly blinde.

Of

Of a Searcher and Sealer of Leather.

THe Searcher knowing the Tanner not at home,
For to performe his office takes his way:
No ſooner entred had ſome private roome,
But with the Tanners wife began to play;
Yet ſhe forbid him oftentimes with nay,
Intreating him ſuch raſhneſſe to forbeare.
Quoth he, I'm ſworne to ſeareh the Tanners ware.

Soone after came the Sealer to that place,
Asking his Mate, whether the hides were tann'd:
The Searcher anſwer'd with a ſmiling face,
I've done my part, but you may better ſcan'd.
Sir, ſaid the woman, 'tis ſufficient man'd.
You know then (ſaid the Sealer) I am ſworne
To ſeale no ware e're it be ſearcht for horne.

Of Lelia *a notable Cut-purſe.*

LElia hath cut a purſe, and keeps the ſame,
Being none knowes her by the face or name;
And now with her abettors drinks, and ſings,
She is no Cut-purſe: why? ſhe cut the ſtrings.
Boaſts of her skill, and ſwears they need not doubt her,
She can diſcharge all with one thing about her.

Of Sextus *hot love to* Zoretto.

Zoretto being to the Citie come,
Sextus had quickly ſeene her comely face;
Hearing her Dowry was a mighty ſumme,
Began with ſmiles *Zoretto* to embrace:
Proteſting by his faith, that he did love her,
In heart, in ſoule, and minde, above all other.

The tender Virgin ſeeming ſomewhat ſtrange,
With modeſty deni'd his earneſt ſuit;
But her denialls could not make him change,
At length his long proteſting brought her to't:
The Gordion-knot forthwith it muſt be ti'd,
And faire *Zoretto* muſt be *Sextus* bride.

That done, brave *Sextus* had a letter brought,
How his *Zoretto* was a Coblers daughter;
Which (finding truth) ſuch a mutation wrought,
That frowns & frumps came now in ſtead of laughter?
Well (quoth *Zoretto*) now I plainly ſee,
You would have married with my wealth, not me.

Of ſeverall opinions.

ONe ſayes, my Epigrams they are too long;
A ſecond rather cenſures them too ſhort;
The third would have their names expreſt among;
A fourth (that knowes a why) thinks them too tart;

Another, he likes all, and thanks me for 't:
Thus all opinions would my Muſe exhort,
What ſhall I ſtudie then to pleaſe each one?
Only to pleaſe my ſelfe; let them alone.

Of a Uſurers will.

A Uſurer being ſick, he preſent ſends
Firſt for a Scriv'ner, then for certaine friends:
Being come, he tells them, he is very ill,
And now reſolved for to make his Will.
Then (ſaid the Scribe with wit) what out of your
Abundance will you give to th' Church and Poore?
To th' Church and Poor (quoth he) my gift's but ſmall
What by them I have gain'd, that's nought at all.
Then (ſaid a friend) who ſhall your wealth enjoy?
He that help got it, then old Gripe did ſay;
Waving his hands, and ſtarting up, would cry,
What would ſt thou have it ſlave before I die?
And being ſenſeleſſe, in a ſweating cold,
Cri'd out, O Death! O Divell! O my Gold!
Being dead, ſome Lawyer muſt with pregnant skill
Finde out the Heire apparent to this Will;
He that help got it: finde him Lawyers then,
'Tis your acquaintance neer'ſt of any men.

Of Claudius *the Emperors law, that whoſoever was troubled with wind, ſhould let it goe, nevertheleſſe, before his perſon, or any other in his Dominions.*

EAch Emperour had good or evill fame,
Some to their Honour, others to their ſhame;

Which

Which makes the world e're ſince expreſſe the ſame:
But *Claudius* free Edict doth keep his name,
Till yeares, moneths weeks and daies ſhal from us part,
Only by naming *Claudius* at each ——

Of a Sea-ſick paſſenger.

A Paſſenger (a full-fed crazie man)
Late bound from *London* unto *Rotterdam*,
Being at ſea, fell ſick, and did ſo vomit,
That all which ſmelt or ſaw't, cri'd fie upon it;
Then ceaſt a while, and then diſgorg'd againe;
Now little eaſe, then *oake* cries out in paine.
Another hardy Paſſenger ſate by.
That coll'd and kiſt a wench moſt lovingly,
Whoſe ancient father in a Hamock lay,
With more deſire to ſleep, than for to pray:
Which Paſſenger (to make the Maiden ſmile)
Stept to the other was ſo ſick ere-while,
Saying, Sir, what is the matter you ſo ſpit?
Is't ſome old ague, or ſome new-borne fit? (ter
Spit, knave (quoth he) thou ly'ſt; my mouth doth wa-
To ſee thee catch and kiſſe the old mans daughter.

Of a Maids wiſh.

THe *Switzers* to this day the Codpeece uſe,
Accounting it a gay and formall faſhion;
An Engliſh Maiden hearing of the newes,
Wiſht the ſame forme here amongſt our Nation;
Then one might judge (quoth ſhe) the better part
Of Natures bountie, by the Taylors art.

Of one in contemplation of her wedding ring, being ſhortly after loſt.

TWo faithfull Lovers, yoakt in *Cupids* chaine,
Deſired freedome of their burning paine;
At length the houre (long-lookt for) it was come,
Wherein theſe Lovers ſhould their joyes conſumme,
The Rites perform'd, ſoone after did the Bride
Look on her Ring (Loves pledge) that erſt had ti'd
The Gordian-knot; and (being private) ſaid,
(With ſmiling cheekes) *Farewell the name of Maid.*
When I this Ring with ſerious eyes behold,
It bids my heart be pure, as is the gold:
Farther, it implies a name of honour,
Which every vertuous wife ſhould take upon her:
Nay farther yet, the ſcope doth wholly tend,
My love be as this Ring is, without end;
Yea, and as great a reaſon I alledge,
My Husbands love's no leſſe, by this his pledge:
To which the Mot or Poſie plaine doth ſay,
God above continue our love for aye:
So there deſiſts. Not many moneths had paſt,
But ſhe this Ring (through ſome diſaſter) loſt:
Though preſent miſt, that preſent was too late,
By meanes of couzening hands, or luckleſſe fate:
Griefe now grew ripe, and teares were budding too,
The which her Husband did diſcreetly view;
So takes her by the hand, and gently ſaid,
The Ring being loſt, out loves are endleſſe ſtaid.

Of

Of Tom Tinkers ſtopping holes.

A Swarthy Tinker, crying work for *Tom*,
To a lone houſe (halfe drunk) he comes anon;
Being admitted, ſtraight began to play
With *Hobbs* young wife; who cri'd, fie *Tom*, away.
But he being luſtfull bent in his purſuit,
Swore that he came to ſtop, and he would do 't.
I grant (quoth ſhe) but Tinkers undertake
To ſtop one hole, whilſt ſometimes two they make.

Of Jolly, an excellent Bloodhound for ſight, ſcent, mouth, turnings, ſtops, purſuit, hold, &c.

KIng *Pharaohs* leane Kine did the fat devoure,
So doth this Hound his chaſe with threatning power;
And being captiv'd (though to a paper roome
Girt round with ſable lines) hard is his doome;
And that's the cauſe the Hart flyeth Melancholly,
If once purſued by this Bloodhound *Jolly*.

Of the loving nature of the Storke.

WHen that the Storke is feeble, old, and weake,
The yong ones that he bred, prepare him meat:
Yet many a ſon helps not, but he rather
Wiſhes that death would ſeize upon his father.

Of

Of an Iſle Wight Gentleman that found fault with our high-wayes about Wells, Shepton Mallet, *&c.*

MY friend (quoth he) your Territories here
Nothing but Rocks and ſtones to me appeare;
Which makes my Nag goe on his hooſes and joynts,
As if he trod on aules, or needle points.
Tuſh friend (quoth I) were you not to part it,
You ſhould find people too as ſtony hearted;
And where your Nag doth tire, it would be worſe,
For they would ſoone untire you, and your purſe.
Is't ſo (quoth he, and ſpurr'd his Nag) nay then
I'll gallop, to finde better wayes and men.

Of the Remora.

THe ſmall Remora ſtayes the greateſt Ship
(As ancient writers have in ſtories ſung)
But yet a woman of the greateſt wit,
If angry, cannot ſtay her little tongue.

Of one that was not made drink comming to a Gentlemans houſe, meeting the Gentleman, ſaid.

MAſter, your houſe it is well tyl'd, for why?
As I went in, ſo came I forth, as dry:
Well, I have change for one whole yeere I'm ſure,
But if I ſowzie grow, the fault is your.

Of